THUS DOES A GANG GROW UP.

A STUDY OF

EAST SIDE BADNESS AS SHOWN IN THE PAUL KELLYS.

There came, piping hot, to Newspaper Row the other night the news that there was peace between the Paul Kellys and the Monk Eastmans. It came from every quarter of the great East Side. Police Headquarters retold it. The Tenderloin had heard rumors of it. A voice from Hoboken begged to know if it were true.

There was no escaping that news. The telephone wires hummed with it. It floated up through the windows from Park row, and a breathless courier, rushing upstairs to THE SUN office, announced:

"Say, dey're drinkin' high hats in Tom Sharkey's, an' Paul an' Jack Shimsky's give each odder de glad mit. An' youse wanter put it in de pape dat Shimsky said Paul done him fair."

There came many and copious details: How Kelly and Shimsky, meeting in a Bowery saloon, had said to each other this and that; how Mr Kelly had subsequently done Mr. Shimsky in the third round in an improvised ring, marked out with beer kegs, in the cellar; of the preliminaries thereto and of the peacemaking thereafter, begun by Mr. Shimsky saying:

"You done me fair, an' I wanter shake. What'll y' have?"

Then more details of the importance of Mr. Shimsky as the heavyweight right bower of the redoubtable King Eastman; of the gentlemanly demeanor of Mr. Kelly in receiving the advances of the conquered; and, finally, of the slinking suspicion in high places that the expressed good intentions of the Eastmans might be only a "stall" until they got the victorious Kellys in a tight fix.

And in the midst of the crop of reports from the front arose the query: "Who is Paul Kelly?"

THE SUN reporter who went to Mulberry street to find out was directed to a dirty staircase leading to a room over a saloon across the way from the green lamps of the police station. The windows bore in clumsy lettering the legend, "Paul Kelly Association."

"Dat's where de gang hangs out," said the proud small boy, whose thumb was jerked from his pocket to point the way.

It was not a pleasant room. It was as dirty as the staircase leading to it. Its sole furniture was a battered table and a few more battered stools.

Its door bore the marks of heavy boots. Its walls were ornamented solely by announcements of balls, by cheap lithographs and woodcuts of prize fighters and of various East Side politicians. The countenance of the Hon. Timothy D. Sullivan, Congressman from the district which embraces the Bowery as well as Wall street, occupied a prominent place.

An odor of stale beer and cigarettes, combined with many indescribably more evil smells, filled the place. Half a dozen youths, several of them obviously not yet of voting age and all somehow conveying the impression that their chief aim in life was to look tougher than they really were, sat quarrelling over a pack of greasy cards.

Mr. Kelly was not around. It was explained that he had other hangouts. He might be in the Italian restaurant in Broome street near the Bowery, or again at Diamond Tony's up the street, or even at the Occidental Hotel, the Bowery's Waldorf-Astoria. But he was not.

In his absence, though, there was disclosed a great eagerness to win reflected glory for the gang by getting the gang leader into the paper—if he got in "right." That is, Mr. Kelly's picture could be had for reproduction, with full particulars of his weight, muscle measurements and fistic prowess in back room fights which never found a place in the sporting columns; but no details as to his origin, means of livelihood and manner of life were forthcoming.

The curious will find an excellent picture of Kelly in the Rogues' Gallery at Police Headquarters, so it is unnecessary to reproduce it here. It was taken in December, two years ago, when he was sent to the penitentiary for nine months by Recorder Goff after conviction for assaulting an intoxicated citizen in Elizabeth street and robbing him of his watch, and it is considered a good but not a flattering likeness.

That it should have been there long before if cheap crimes counted—the robbing of helpless men; the enticing from home and the damning for future usefulness of boys who otherwise might have become respectable citizens; the leading astray of silly girls who didn't realize what it really meant to be bad—all these things any policeman who has done duty on the East Side will tell you. They make the story of the Paul Kelly gang, which is very much like the story of any other East Side gang; and they show how the tough youth, while usually a cheap braggart and potential coward individually, can become in the aggregate an all pervading nuisance and a source of terror even to a law abiding community.

This particular gang leader is a short, olive complexioned, black haired youth, who may be any age between 20 and 30. He wears clothes which the Bowery accepts as the pink of fashion and gentility, pointed patent leather shoes of the type still stylish in that region, some flashy jewelry, and a watch which by right of possession, at least, is his own.

There isn't anything in Kelly's face to indicate the nationality which that honorable name implies. It is an open secret in the Paul Kelly Association—or gang, as the police records have it—that its leader's real name is Paolo Correlli and that he is an importation from sunny Italy, though now an American citizen with the right to cast a vote.

Nothing helps an East Side gang leader more than a suggestion of romance and mystery. The gang has thrown a mystery about the early life of Paul Kelly. When the beer flows freely, as around election time, it is darkly hinted that in Italy before the East Side got him he belonged to the aristocracy, but was forced into exile by an unfortunate affair of the heart with a beautiful lady, also moving in the highest circles of society.

There are some members of the gang who have told this so often in the Bowery that they almost believe it themselves. In support of it there is the evidence that when not engaged with helpless citizens who carry watches the gang leader passes in Chatham Square and Chinatown for a ladies' man.

There was, for instance, the affair of a year or so ago, when at the head of the gang Kelly broke into the rooms at 21 Bowery, appropriated two young women who were being entertained there by one Dutch Louis Melius, and shot Melius in the shoulder. Kelly was arrested for that, but was never tried, the injured man, a gang leader in embryo himself, refusing to prosecute, with the explanation:

"I'll get hunk on that blankety-blank dago in me own way."

Several blood feuds of similar origin are on the Kelly gang's hands. The gang accepts them as proving the noble instincts of their leader as well as his prowess and reputation as a sport.

Whatever he was before then, however, he first appeared on the Bowery six or seven years ago, and an Italian bank was sufficiently hard up for a clerk to give him a job. He did the bank's business in the daytime and in the evening sought entertainment in the Bowery dives. At "Billy the Dude's," the "Dirty Rag," McGurk's "Suicide Hall," Eat-em-up-Jack McManus's, and in the numerous so called social clubs in the side streets, he very soon became a familiar figure.

Now, the youth who frequents these places must be able to take care of himself in a fistic way, and if he isn't big enough to do it on his own account he must ally himself with others who will help him do it. The engaging manners of the young Italian, while gaining him the favor of the tired women who frequented McGurk's and the other dives, also earned him not a few thrashings from bigger and stronger competitors. It was during the régime of the Horton law, when boxing clubs, which were merely small amateur prize fighting associations, flourished everywhere on the East Side.

The slight young Italian who was so often thrashed followed the fashion and learned to box. He even acquired some reputation as a lightweight scrapper. At the same time he made friends with other tough youths who had a common need of mutual protection.

When one was thrashed, the bestower of the thrashing had to deal sooner or later with the rest of the coterie together. Fair play in fighting, as understood elsewhere, has no place in the practice of East Side gangs.

So the Kelly gang grew. Association was also useful in other ways. Its members voted; in fact, were willing to vote as often as possible, so long as they were paid enough for doing it.

Hence they were useful to the East Side politicians, and standing together and delivering the votes *en bloc*, so to speak, were able to command a better price. They were also useful in influencing, by means too common to need explanation, other voters. And usefulness in politics brought with it a pull which meant practical immunity from punishment for small crimes. It also brought with it some money and a disinclination for work. Kelly soon gave up his place in the bank.

Unity is strength in evil things as well as in good ones. The friendship of politicians and ward heelers means for the members of gangs such as this easy and congenial jobs, which are scarcely like real work, in poolrooms and at the racetracks, as runners and touts for questionable houses, as watchers at saloon doors, and in a hundred other ways by which a living can be gained without its being fairly said to have been earned.

Then association and large acquaintance in dives and saloons make it easy to get up "rackets," meaning balls and picnics, and to make a profit thereon by selling many tickets for very inferior entertainment. Association and large acquaintance, combined with a reputation for toughness, render it easy to gain free invitations to many other rackets, and even to make a little money and to secure many free drinks by acting as bouncers on occasion.

All these things have been known by experience on the East Side these many years. They help such outlaw organizations as the Paul Kellys and the Monk Eastmans to grow, just as constant implication in crimes large or small helps to bind their members together.

Immunity from punishment makes them more daring, till youths who, alone and unaided, would run from the blue uniform of the greenest and rawest policeman, carry pistols, hold up decent citizens, and defy the law and the police in conjunction till some strong official takes it upon himself to read them a lesson and break up their organization, sends its worst members to jail and ends the terror they have established in the surrounding community.

When Paul Kelly first appeared on the Bowery and took thrashings from tough youths till he learned the ways of self-protection and mutual interest in lawbreaking, there were gangs on the East Side which had flourished before his time and which had grown up exactly as his has grown since, and from the same causes.

There were the Cherry Hill gang in that historic district and the Five Pointers in the territory north of them. There were the Yakey-Yakes, led by Yakey Yake Brady in the region east of the Bowery; and there was a growing gang in which Monk Eastman—now under indictment, as it is alleged, for half killing a man against whom a richer man had a grudge—was the ruling spirit.

Each gang had its home field of operations and served its own set of politicians. Chinatown was the common battleground. In turn as each of the old gangs became too obnoxious for endurance and too bold in defiance of the law, the police broke up the organization, and its members, hating to turn to honest work, turned to the new leaders, Kelly and the thug Eastman.

Gradually it has come about that these two control the strongest gangs on the East Side and divide that long-suffering district between them. East of the Bowery is the Eastman realm; west of the Bowery Paul Kelly is lord of misrule. And as two sets of thieves, each bent on picking the fattest pockets, are not likely to agree about the division of plunder, they have fought whenever they have met, and usually with other weapons than fists; sometimes with results serious to themselves but to no one else.

Of course all the East Side hears of their doings. Gangs do not hide their evil deeds under a bushel; the glamour of them is too attractive in their own misdirected view. And every tough or would-be tough East Side youth thrills when he hears that there has been another battle between the rivals, and hastens, all ears, to learn the details. Naturally they lose nothing in the telling, as the police can show.

"If you are going to write anything about these would-be Jesse Jameses and village terrors," said a police inspector of long experience with gangs to THE SUN reporter, after imparting some of the information given above, "do it right, if you please. Don't paint 'em as land pirates, deep dyed in crime, with their nerve always 'way up in G, and their pistols always ready to go pop. They ain't, but they'd love to have you think so.

"They're a lot of bad little boys gone a bit wrong. And there ain't a gang of two hundred or three hundred anywhere in town that any half dozen husky cops can't send running for cover, pistols and all, and set shivering with fright, without drawing any weapons harder than good stout nightsticks."

Which seems to be the full and literal truth about the Paul Kellys or any other East Side gang.

AT THE RECREATION CENTRES

EVENING ENTERTAINMENT IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Games and Literary Exercises in Which Any One in the Neighborhood May Take Part—Rooms for Study and for Reading—Twenty-two Centres Open.

A big, modern, yellow brick building with a front a block long—such is Public School 20, in Rivington street, extending from Forsyth to Eldridge; and seen on a rainy night, with its windows aglow with electric light, a great, bright house of cheerfulness the big school building appeared in its setting of tall surrounding tenements. And rainy as it was this night there were—this at 7:25 o'clock—thirty or forty boys standing outside waiting to get in; for in Public School 20 is maintained one of the city's evening recreation centres. The doors were opened at 7:30 exactly, an example of promptness to every boy; and the boys rushed in.

A spacious, high ceilinged, brightly lighted playroom. The playground floor with small tables, each with two chairs set at it, scattered everywhere. On one side of the great room, on a little raised platform, a librarian with a stock of books and games.

The boys make a rush to the librarian for such games as they want—checkers, chess, and some other familiar games and for books, and the many tables and chairs scattered over the great room are soon occupied; and by 8 o'clock you may see some small boys sitting over a game laid on the floor. The attendance here on this rainy night was about 550.

Boys under 14 are not admitted. They were admitted last year, but the older boys, whom it was especially desired to reach, wouldn't stand for the kids, and stayed away. So this year the small boys are kept out, with the result that the older boys and youths and young men now come in. As a matter of fact anybody, of any age from 14 upward, is welcome; but the attendance is mainly of boys and young men from 14 to 20 and 21.

This is a Hebrew district, and the boys that come here are almost all Hebrews. The great majority are out of school and at work at something. They may be errand boys, or they may be at work in stores or factories or at many and various occupations. Some of them may be typewriters and stenographers, and some of those who come here are students in the College of the City of New York.

Plenty of the boys and young men are well or trimly dressed, and plenty of them are not. You won't have to look very far to find boys without collars, and you might here and there come across a boy wearing a sweater for a shirt; but you don't find anybody untidy, and you do find them all notably intelligent.

The younger ones, those playing the games, are a noisy lot. They don't stand for any skylarking or roughhousing here, but the young people are not required to converse in a whisper; and so, while some very young boys or some older ones may be seen silent and intent over checkers or chess, yet the volume of sound that goes up from the others is great.

But now look in at the gymnasium, an ample space set apart and shut off by folding doors on the same floor. Here there is no noise, except such as may be made by the handling of the gymnastic apparatus used and the movements of the gymnasts' feet. There are no voices to be heard except that of the instructor.

Here may be seen a class of thirty or forty boys and young men going with great interest and careful attention through a regular gymnastic drill. It's a fine thing and they all like it; in fact, a good many of the boys would take the gymnasium training and skip the rest if they could.

But they can't do that. If they want to take the gymnasium drill they must join one of the centre's athletic, literary or debating clubs. The several clubs have each their allotted time for the use of the gymnasium and of the rooms in which their literary exercises are carried out.

Programmes for the week of the several clubs are posted in the playground at the desk of the librarian. At this evening recreation centre, whereof E. W. Brouse is principal, there are twelve clubs in active operation.

From the gymnasium, for instance, the members of a club pass to the recitation room in which its literary exercises are to be held. The club has a regular organization with a president, a secretary, and a treasurer, and its affairs are conducted in order. They read the minutes of the previous meeting, and all that sort of thing; and if anybody objects to anything his objection is heeded, and due attention is given to it, all in an orderly and shipshape manner of procedure.

There is a teacher here, not to drive the boys, but to help them if they need help, to start them right and make them do things as they should be done. Everything here is done in the most decorous manner. The youthful chairman presides with great gravity and with perfect coolness, and the boys in the club are all as bright and ready as can be. Some of them, as would be the case in any like assembly of older persons, say nothing; but the speakers, those who do take an active part, are quick and self-contained, and all the boys are bright and keen, and by no means lacking in humor.

Here's a boy, when the club has got through its business meeting and come to the literary part of the programme, who reads a little sketch about something he saw in the street—a very good little sketch indeed it is, too; very well done and very well read, and received by the boy listeners with applause, as was the next thing on the programme, a reading—and so on through literary exercises or debate, or whatever the programme for the evening may be. And a bright lot they are, the whole bunch, collared and collarless, and not too solemn, and getting brighter and smarter all the time.

Quiet, also, is the study room, where anybody may go to study and find a teacher at hand to make things clear that the pupil might not understand. There may be some who are still going to school and who come here that they may study in peace and quiet; there are more here who are studying with a purpose, brushing up on their arithmetic to enable them to take a place in a store somewhere, or studying to enable them to pass some civil service examination. And to the study room come those who have drawn a book from the library and want a quiet place in which to peruse its pages.

In Attorney street, between Rivington and Stanton, in Public School 174, a fine modern building of red brick, a sightly landmark in that locality, is established an evening recreation centre for girls, with Miss Ruth A. Harper as principal. This also is a distinctively Hebrew neighborhood, but with a few people of other nationalities in the district.

Almost all the girls that come to this recreation centre are Hebrews; and the great majority of them are girls who work. Some among the younger ones may be still attending school, and there may be some of the older ones attending technical schools; but most of those here work in some way or other.

There may be among them some cash girls; there are more who are employed in dressmaking or millinery establishments, or who work, maybe, in feather factories; or they may be typewriters or stenographers. They all do something.

As in the boys' evening recreation centres, so in the girls, they must be at least 14 to attend; they may be of any age beyond that. The girls that come are mostly between 14 and 20; they would average probably around 16 or 17.

On this same rainy evening that the boys were seen there were found at this evening recreation centre 250 or more girls, a strikingly alert, keen, intelligent company. It would be difficult to match them for these qualities in a company of girls of equal number of any other nationality. Unlike some of the boys to be found at evening recreation centres, with respect to dress, the girls, without exception, come trimly dressed. They wouldn't dream of coming in the garments they worked in, and they make a most varied, interesting and attractive company.

The arrangements at the evening recreation centres for girls are substantially the same as at those for boys. At this evening recreation centre for girls in Attorney street there are ten girls' clubs—literary, debating and athletic. The girls take athletic exercises in classes, with an instructor. They have a variety of games to select from and facilities to play them; they have a library to choose books from, and they have their literary clubs, with the reading and criticism of books and various other literary exercises, and at the end of the evening they have dancing.

The first evening recreation centres to be established under the auspices of the Board of Education were started in 1899, in which year five were opened in schools on the lower East Side. These were originally playgrounds, for recreation pure and simple. The attendance was good and the result encouraging, and in 1900 ten evening recreation centres were opened, with gymnasium facilities and reading rooms added.

The number of these centres has since been increased until in the present year they have come to number twenty-two, including eighteen in Manhattan and four in Brooklyn. They are under the direction of Miss Evangeline E. Whitney, who has charge as well of all the city's vacation schools and summer playgrounds. The evening recreation centres open on Sept. 15 and close on June 15.

Most of these evening centres are in crowded districts of the city, those in Manhattan being chiefly on the East Side. Some are for boys, some for girls; there is one that is mixed.

As to the subjects chosen for consideration by the literary and debating clubs, a girls' club of older girls might choose for study the lives of some group of famous women, or perhaps some good current novel, or one of Shakespeare's plays or a scene from Sir Walter Scott, the subject thus chosen and studied being discussed at the club's next meeting. But whatever the subject, they would be more likely to choose one of substance and importance than one of light character.

The boys' debating clubs may choose their own topics for debate, subject to the decision of the club adviser. They discuss all manner of topics, including some of a local character and some in which they may for some special reason be particularly interested. At one meeting of a debating club established in an evening recreation centre in a neighborhood largely Hebrew this question was discussed:

Resolved, That the pedlers of Hester street should not be removed to the new East River bridge.

At a meeting of a debating club in a recreation centre situated in a neighborhood largely Italian there was debated this question:

Resolved, That the music of the hand organ is beneficial to the public.

But the boys are far more likely to debate questions of serious general importance.

In some of the evening recreation centres lectures are delivered once or twice weekly. At three of the centres there are taught this year basket making, Venetian iron work and carpentry, as these occupations were taught in the vacation summer schools.

The attendance at these evening recreation centres is large and constantly increasing. Those attending are intelligent and eager to improve, and they take an interest in what they do; and all, besides the enjoyment they get at these centres, find many things that are useful to them. And so from being mere playgrounds the public school evening recreation centres have come to be places of educative influence, places not only attractive, but helpful as well.

AS TO SPANKING A BRIDE.

A Question of Parental Authority Before a Pennsylvania Court.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Oct. 10.—Has a father the right to spank his married daughter, even though she is but 15 and he does not know that she is married? and would the fact of his knowing it make any difference in his right to inflict corporal punishment?

These are the questions at present interesting the people of Nicholson in Wyoming county, and the court has been called upon to decide them. Briefly, the facts are these:

Margaret Matilda Smith, aged 15, and Albert Ellis Cisco ran away from Nicholson on Sept. 14, went to Washington, N. J., and there were married by a Justice of the Peace. They returned home that evening.

A few days later the girl's father learned that she had gone away without her mother's consent. He did not know that she had been married. He was angry, and he did as he had done in days when she was younger. He turned her over his knee and spanked her soundly.

Now this is sufficiently humiliating to a single girl, and what must it be to a wife? The bride of a few days ran weeping to her husband for consolation.

He was properly and sufficiently angry, and swore out a warrant charging the father with assault and battery upon his wife. Then for the first time became known to the parents the fact that the two were married.

Two sides have been formed in the village. The young people say that the spanking was an outrage, and that no father has the right to inflict such punishment upon a girl. Old married people, on the other hand, say that the young man should have been spanked as well as the girl.

Rural Delivery at Sea.

From the London Daily News.

The captain of the steamer Benalder, of Leith, on a voyage to China, threw a bundle of letters overboard in the Mediterranean. Some Spanish fishermen of Aguilas, near Cartagena, later caught a large fish, and on opening it found a bundle of letters inside. They took this to the Mayor, who managed to decipher the name and address of the superintendent of the steamship line in London and thus to restore the letters to their owner.

A BLACK HILLS MAIL CARRIER.

THE LIVELIEST EXPERIENCES OF COL. JIM BAKER'S LIFE.

Starving and Penniless, He Took a Job No One Else Would Venture Upon—The Sioux Were on the Warpath and Furnished Him Thrilling Recollections.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., Oct. 7.—"The year I carried the mail into the Black Hills furnishes the most thrilling recollections of all my career on the frontier," said Col. Jim Baker to a knot of veteran plainsmen the other evening. "I had been in Gen. Custer's Seventh Cavalry in the Cheyenne and Kiowa wars in Kansas, and had tried my hand at cow punching on the Texas Panhandle. So I had seen something of a strenuous life, and had some risky experiences. But those months of mail carrying in the Sioux country went beyond anything I had met with before.

"I quit the army service in the fall of 1875, and catching the gold fever that then raged in the Black Hills, struck out for Deadwood. Two army chums and myself located on Bear Creek in February, 1876, and in about a month we were clean broke and all our capital of years of saving was gone.

"Misery and dejection are no name for the way we felt. Hungry and miserable, we walked amid snow and ice to Custer City, and there we heard lots of hard luck stories like our own. After looking around for work I heard of a job at carrying the mail across the country to the Black Hills at $50 a month.

"A dozen courageous fellows had declined the job before I heard of it. Hostile Sioux abounded. Every day brought news of a fresh murder of settlers and prospectors by the Indians.

"The offer of good money to carry the mail appealed to me, almost starving and wholly discouraged as I was. I hadn't eaten a thing then for thirty hours, and I didn't know whether I was ever going to have a meal again.

"So I went to the man over at Keegan's who had the job to give out, and said that for $10 down and $40 more in two weeks I'd carry the mail to the Hills. A ten dollar gold piece was thrust into my hand, and I was immediately sworn into Uncle Sam's service. I was ordered to report for my first ride at 7 that night.

"With the money in my pocket, I hunted up my two mining comrades, and we had a great fill-up. Both of my friends deplored my acceptance of the risky job. They felt that I had sold myself to certain death.

"I reported for duty. A carbine and a revolver were given to me and I started off for the Red Cloud agency.

"The first fifteen miles twisted and turned around the rolling hills. It was bright moonlight. As I galloped along I thought of every bit of recent news I had heard of Sioux attacks on lonely travellers among the desolate hills. I fancied that I saw Indians skulking behind every boulder and in every clump of chaparral. A dozen times I was cocksure that I saw Indians lying in wait for me.

"It was past midnight. The moon had gone down. I had begun to think the Indian massacre stories were about all imaginary. I let my horse come to a walk. I had crossed Cottonwood Creek and was climbing up the trail among the trees.

"Suddenly my horse stopped, and I almost fell off. I vainly punched my spurs into his flanks, and by words tried to urge him forward.

"He stood snorting and quivering, and I jumped off and with my shooting iron in my hand tried to lead him. He stood stone still.

"In the darkness I felt around in the mud and slush. My foot struck something a yard in front of the horse. I pulled off my gloves and felt a human head, cold and sticky with blood.

"It was a horrible moment. No doubt there were frenzied savages all about, waiting for more white lives. All my boasted nerve vanished. I was as weak as a dish rag.

"It was a woman's head. I knew that the woman was a settler's wife, and that her husband's body and possibly her child's must be near in the darkness. With trembling hands and knocking knees, I led my horse around the woman's body, and, climbing into my saddle, I dug my spurs into the horse and rode on desperately.

"I reached a camp of a dozen emigrants just at dawn. They had seen Sioux the day before and had been up and around all night. I told them of my discovery back on the trail, and they told of Indian murders they had known of personally.

"I stayed in the emigrant camp that day, ate jerked beef and slept. When night came on I started for Red Cloud agency. With the exception of seeing a Sioux campfire some eight miles away, off on a hillside, nothing unusual occurred that night.

"I reached the agency early in the morning, and, having delivered my papers, had a meal and slept. That night I started on the return trip to Custer City. It was safer for a person alone to travel in the Indian country under cover of darkness.

"From that time on I was a regular mail carrier from Custer City to the Black Hills. We were paid 50 cents a letter, and the Government contractor made money besides. I made the round trip from Custer City to the hills once a week from April to November, when the advancing railroad put an end to the profits in the job.

"Something hair raising occurred on almost every weekly trip. If it hadn't been for the good money there was in it, I wouldn't have stuck a month.

"One trip I was fording a creek when I was fired upon by a bunch of Sioux, who lay among the bushes over to the west. How I ever got away is a mystery.

"Fully fifteen bullets were sent whizzing after me as my frightened horse bore me over the brow of a hill. The Indians were on foot or I surely would have been followed and slain.

"Another time, just at sunrise, I saw a man riding a horse like a madman toward Red Cloud agency. He wore only a shirt, and that was red with blood from a bullet through his shoulder.

"I caught up with him. He and two other men were making their way into the Black Hills, and in camp, while asleep, had been attacked by Indians. He got away, while his companions were fighting for their lives with the Sioux. A few days later the man's companions were found hacked to pieces about the ashes of the camp fire.

"Friendly Indians at the agency and scouts told me frequently that I was sure to be caught by the Sioux some time, for the idea was abroad that the lone riders with the leathern pouches carried valuables and information about the Indians.

"One morning, when I was about to camp in a secluded spot where I could get water and could sleep till night, I saw a bunch of six or seven Indians coming full tilt toward me. They were three miles distant. I leaped into my saddle and got out my six shooter, and left the trail like a whirlwind.

"There was a creek there, and it was eight miles from the Cheyenne River. Usually some emigrants were camping there, and I felt that if I could reach the river I would have help in fighting off the Indians.

"But how to get there? I knew that my time for a race for life had come. My horse knew the danger, too.

"We reached the high bluffs of the Cheyenne. Not a human being was there. When I dashed up the rise of ground and made a good target of myself, the Indians, who had gained fast upon me, yelled. I can hear the yelling now and feel the way my heart thumped.

"Bullets pinged all about me. It seemed as if I never would get up and over the bluffs. And I was about to jump off, and, facing the Indians, sell my life as dearly as possible.

"Then over the crest of the bluffs we went. I jabbed the spurs harder than ever into the beast's flanks. The Indians came galloping and screeching behind.

"My horse leaped into the stream. I urged and spurred him on. My sombrero was gone. I saw that the odds were against me. More volleys from the Indians, but the shots fell short.

"My horse was in the middle of the river. The Indians dashed down the bluffs, as if to follow me across the Cheyenne, but they stopped at the water's edge. They probably believed that there were soldiers in camp on the opposite side and that quickly there would be a camp uproar.

"The unsteady movements of my horse in the water saved my life, for none of the shots sent after me hit. My horse was wounded in the neck, and that started him more frantically for the shore.

"It seemed like ages while we struggled there in the muddy current. The yelling savages were firing at me. Finally, with a bound the horse touched the shore, and up over the opposite bank we went flying. I glanced back and saw the Indians making ready for another and final volley.

"Twenty miles still lay between me and Custer City. I thought the Indians would ride eight miles up the river to Green Rock and there head me off, seventeen miles from Custer City. As I rode I resolved that if the Indians should be at Green Rock I'd shoot my horse, and, using the carcass as a bulwark, lie behind it and shoot as long as I could raise my gun.

"My horse could not last more than a few miles at the rate he was going. Indeed, few horses could have done what he had already done. A turn in the road among the hills, and I saw approaching a long mule train carrying supplies into the hills. Whew! What joy that sight was. I knew my carcass was saved that day anyhow.

"The Indians must have seen the train, too, for I saw no more of them. I rested with the teamsters several hours, and then jogged on easily toward Custer City.

"But my faithful horse was ruined. Do what we could to nurse and doctor the beast, he was a nervous wreck and died a little later.

"I had one or two more lively experiences with the Indians, but that was the nearest I ever came to death while a Black Hills mail carrier."

WHEN HARRISON WINCED.

The Late Senator Charles B. Farwell's Last Visit to the White House.

"If Charles B. Farwell, who died at Lake Forest, Ill., the other day could have persuaded himself to yield to the rudiments of diplomacy he would have been the leader of his party," said a man from Chicago. "But he wouldn't. He was anything but brutal in his personality, but as a politician he knew no weapon but a sledgehammer.

"He was absolutely fearless; and if there ever was an independent man in public life it was Farwell. That is why he was in the United States Senate but four years.

"I remember how, after he broke with President Harrison, Senator Farwell did not hesitate in his plain, unmistakable language to speak his mind, even to the President himself. In fact Farwell preferred when he did not like a man to tell him so to his face.

"I shall never forget a speech which he made to Harrison and which almost staggered the President, who was probably as unimpressionable when he wanted to be as any man that ever held the office.

"Farwell had gone to the White House to protest against several Federal appointments in his State. The President was really disposed to appease the Senator so far as his dignity would permit. I don't remember how the turn was made, but the President said to him:

"'Senator, I perceive that there is quite a difference between you and your estimable brother, John V. Farwell, who is the great exponent of the Young Men's Christian Association, and whom I have seen in some trying situations.'

"'Yes, Mr. President,' retorted the Illinois Senator bluntly, as he could when aroused. There is a big difference between my brother and me. I suppose you refer to John V.'s meekness and Christian virtue.'

"The President said he had recognized the qualities in John V. Farwell which the Senator mentioned.

"'I thought so,' said the Senator. 'Well, let me tell you the sort of a Christian my brother is. He has got your picture hung up on one side of his library, and Garfield's on the other.'

"It was a hot shot. Harrison winced as if he had been struck in a vital part of his body. Of course he tried to ignore it by turning immediately to another Senator who was present and changing the subject.

"Farwell walked out of the room without saying good day. I believe he never spoke to Harrison afterward.

"He was a devoted follower of Blaine, hence his opinion of Garfield, who, he always believed, was a party to the defeat of Blaine in the convention which nominated Garfield in spite of Garfield's appointment afterward of Blaine as Secretary of State."

IT WAS WIFE OR WHISKEY.

Elliott Chose the Whiskey, and the Wife Thereupon Got a Divorce.

MACON, Mo., Oct. 10.—Mrs. Cyrus Elliott told the Circuit Judge one day this week why she wanted a separation from her husband.

"Most honorable Judge," she said, "I love that man as well as I do my own life, and I've put up with him for twenty years.

"Time and again he signed a pledge to quit drinking, only to break it. When sober he's the best man that ever lived. When drunk he's the worst.

"At last I determined to settle it once for all. I got a pint of the best whiskey I could find and put it on the table.

"'Cy,' I said, 'there's a bottle of the stuff that's ruined you. It cost me $1. Now, you can choose which you want worst—that bottle of whiskey or me.'

"Judge, it was a hard proposition. The tears went to his eyes, and he began to shake. I said nothing. He looked at me and then hungrily at the whiskey.

"His lips moved, but he didn't speak. It was too much for him. He reached for the bottle with trembling hand, pulled out the cork and the hell-fire gurgled down his throat.

"Then I left him—and for good."

The woman got a divorce. They have several grown children and are in good circumstances.

WOMAN WHO RIDES ASTRIDE

And Her Divided Skirt, Which Must Be Built for Safety.

From the London Daily Mail.

Should women in the hunting field ride astride? Those chiefly concerned have more or less settled the point by deciding that they may if they wish, for there is an appreciable number of women in England to-day who habitually ride astride after hounds.

They do so, not with the desire to look manly, but simply because it is easier to do a hard day's hunting seated firmly astride than seated sideways. The feminine appearance is strictly preserved by an ingenious arrangement of the skirt, which falls on either side of the horse. After all, ladies do not ride bicycles sideways. Accidents to women who ride astride are few and far between.

The point of the hunting habit nowadays is that it must have a safety skirt which shall prevent its wearer being "hung up" in case of accident. The safety skirt is, as a matter of fact, not a skirt at all, but a covering more or less of the apron type that simulates the old flowing drapery habit of years ago, which was the cause of so many agonizing accidents to women in the hunting field.

There are various patterns. Every woman who is at home in the saddle has her own pet one, built to meet her special needs. One type of safety skirt is made for the woman who rides astride; another for the one who is so enthusiastic a hunter that she is in the saddle almost all day; a third for the one who mingles riding with sociable calls, luncheons and tea parties.

But one and all secure absolute freedom to the equestrienne when she is riding, while they also enable her by a dextrous arrangement of buttons and straps to look perfectly well clothed when she is afoot. It is in perfecting their apron habits that the tailors have been busy ever since women willingly consented to wear the new type of skirt, and they have now succeeded in meeting the needs of all, on the score of grace, as well as of practicability.

For hunting women's habits the correct tint this autumn is gray of all shades, from the deepest to the palest.

COMES FROM CHINA TO TEACH

MRS. LOO LIN'S MISSION TO HER COUNTRYWOMEN HERE.

A Chinese Woman Teacher a Novelty—She Had Trouble in Getting In—Plans for Helping Chinese Women and Children of Chinatown—She Is a Christian.

The arrival in New York the other day of Mrs. Loo Lin was a decided novelty. It made Chinatown open its eyes.

For that matter, a Chinese woman teacher is a novelty in any part of the world. Until within a very few years education and the Chinese woman were kept widely apart. Of the fifty Chinese women now living in this city, none, upon her arrival, could read, even in her own language; and few have been instructed in other than the most elementary branches.

It was this circumstance among others that brought Mrs. Loo Lin here. Another magnet, possibly, was Mr. Loo Lin, who has been in this country nearly a year.

No one rejoices more over the advent of Mrs. Loo Lin than the woman manager at the Chinese mission house in Mott street.

"For years," she said, "I have been praying for the help of an educated Chinese woman, but as there are few of them the world over, I scarcely expected to meet one so thoroughly equipped for mission work in New York, so adaptable to Western conditions, as Mrs. Loo Lin. She would be called progressive and energetic, I think, even for an American."

Mrs. Loo Lin's movements since her arrival bear out part of this statement at least. After less than twenty-four hours' stay at the mission house she went to Brooklyn for a visit of two days, then to the Catskill Mountains to stay a week, and when seen on her return from there she was about to take wing to stay over Sunday in New Jersey.

"You see, I get down to work next week," she explained, "and so I am seeing all I can while I have the chance."

She speaks English haltingly, and occasionally asks the aid of an interpreter. In appearance she is rather taller than the average Chinese woman and a trifle darker in complexion. She arranges her very black hair in an American pompadour, and furthermore, wears a shirt waist and tailor made skirt with quite a jaunty Western air, although she had never donned either garment before reaching San Francisco.

"Naturally, I much prefer my native style of dress," she says, "but to wear it here in the streets would subject me to annoyance."

That she could give points in diplomacy to some Westerners is shown by her reticence in speaking of the six months delay she experienced in reaching New York after landing in San Francisco. To hear her talk one might almost be tempted to believe that she enjoyed the detention.

"The trouble was," she explained, "my passport was wrong. I had a merchant's passport instead of a teacher's passport.

"Therefore, after five weeks stay in the detention house, I was obliged to go to Canada—to Montreal—and stay until the other passengers came. My intentions were to be in New York last April.

"But I do not consider the time I spent en route quite wasted. In San Francisco, for instance, I was allowed to speak to an audience of 1,600 of my own countrymen in the Presbyterian Church. It was the first time, I believe, that a Chinese woman had ever addressed an audience in her native tongue in that city.

"What did I talk about? I pointed out what Christianity had done and was doing for women in China and other Eastern countries and described the difference between the condition of the women of the Orient and of Western civilizations.

"While in the detention house I had the society of three Chinese scholars, all detained there like myself, who spent every hour they had in studying with me.

"Most of the Chinamen in San Francisco are very bitter about the exclusion law. I was told over and over again, 'If I had my way I should have every American kept out of China,' and 'I would like to have every American put to death who enters China.'

"My reply to such remarks was always to point out what Christianity teaches against trying to avenge ourselves and to tell them about the Golden Rule.

"In Montreal I made several addresses in different churches and came into personal contact with many of my own people. There are about 800 Chinese living there."

Primarily Mrs. Loo Lin's work in New York is to teach older children and adults, especially women, the "three Rs" in their own language. More advanced teaching will be given as it is required, for Mrs. Loo was brought up and educated in the Baptist academy at Canton, where she acquired a pretty thorough knowledge of the Chinese and English classics and also of the American methods of teaching.

There are now about 100 children in the Chinese colony here, a third of whom are taught in English every morning except Saturday in a kindergarten belonging to the mission. It is not Mrs. Loo Lin's intention at present to try to teach the very young. Her labors will be confined principally to older children and the grown-ups, and in order to suit their convenience instruction will be given mainly during the afternoon and evening. There will probably be a women's class in the afternoon.

On Sundays Mrs. Loo Lin will teach a Bible class in Chinese, and this, she considers, is perhaps the most important part of her work.

When asked to give her first impressions of the crowded Chinese quarter of New York, she laughed—she laughs a good deal—and answered:

"Oh, I have seen the same thing before. Some quarters of Canton are just as crowded and just as dirty as Mott street. The buildings are not so tall there as here, but in all the larger cities of China the streets where the poorer people live are about the same as they are in New York."

NO INSOMNIA ABOUT BILL.

He Wakes Up Once in a While, but Not Often Enough to Harm Him.

From the Kansas City Journal.

The champion sleeper of Kansas City has been found—the man of whom Dickens's fat boy in Pickwick is a faithful prototype. He works for a well known doctor on the east side, not far out, and his name is Bill. He is black.

Bill was engaged one day last week to look after the doctor's horses in the stable in the rear of the house, to mind the 'phone in the office near the stable, and to do chores about the house. His first stunt was to go out and harness up, and to this work he was sent about 9 o'clock.

Three-quarters of an hour later the doctor, thinking it strange that his horse was not ready, went forth to learn. He found a small crowd collected about his barn lot, and saw Bill, his arms folded, peacefully sleeping, leaning up against the fence, while the ribald throng laughed at him. He apologized when awakened and promised to hurry. He was found, fifteen minutes later, sleeping with his arm about the buggy wheel in the barn. Then the doctor stood over him while he hitched.

On his return the doctor found Bill again asleep in the barn lot, which he had been raking. He was propped up on the end of a rake handle and snoring. A kick on the handle woke him, and he managed to get the horse unhitched without further slumber.

Bill was called into the house to help clean up. He was set to rubbing the balustrade about the stairs, and a few minutes later he was sleeping peacefully, leaning thereon. He was awakened and sent to the attic to get some brooms. In ten minutes, when he was sought by the doctor's wife, he was asleep in an open window three stories from the ground. He went to sleep once more before he could be got out of the house, this time standing bolt upright, with his hat in his hand.

That evening he was required to get the carriage and team ready for a drive. Twice he slumbered in doing so. On the drive the doctor told his guests that the man would be snoring when they returned. At 10:30 o'clock they drove up to the doctor's house, and there was Bill on the sidewalk, wide awake, waiting for the rig. The doctor nearly dropped dead when he saw him.

"There is something wrong with the negro," said the doctor. "It is a disease."